

Snips and Cuts



1911

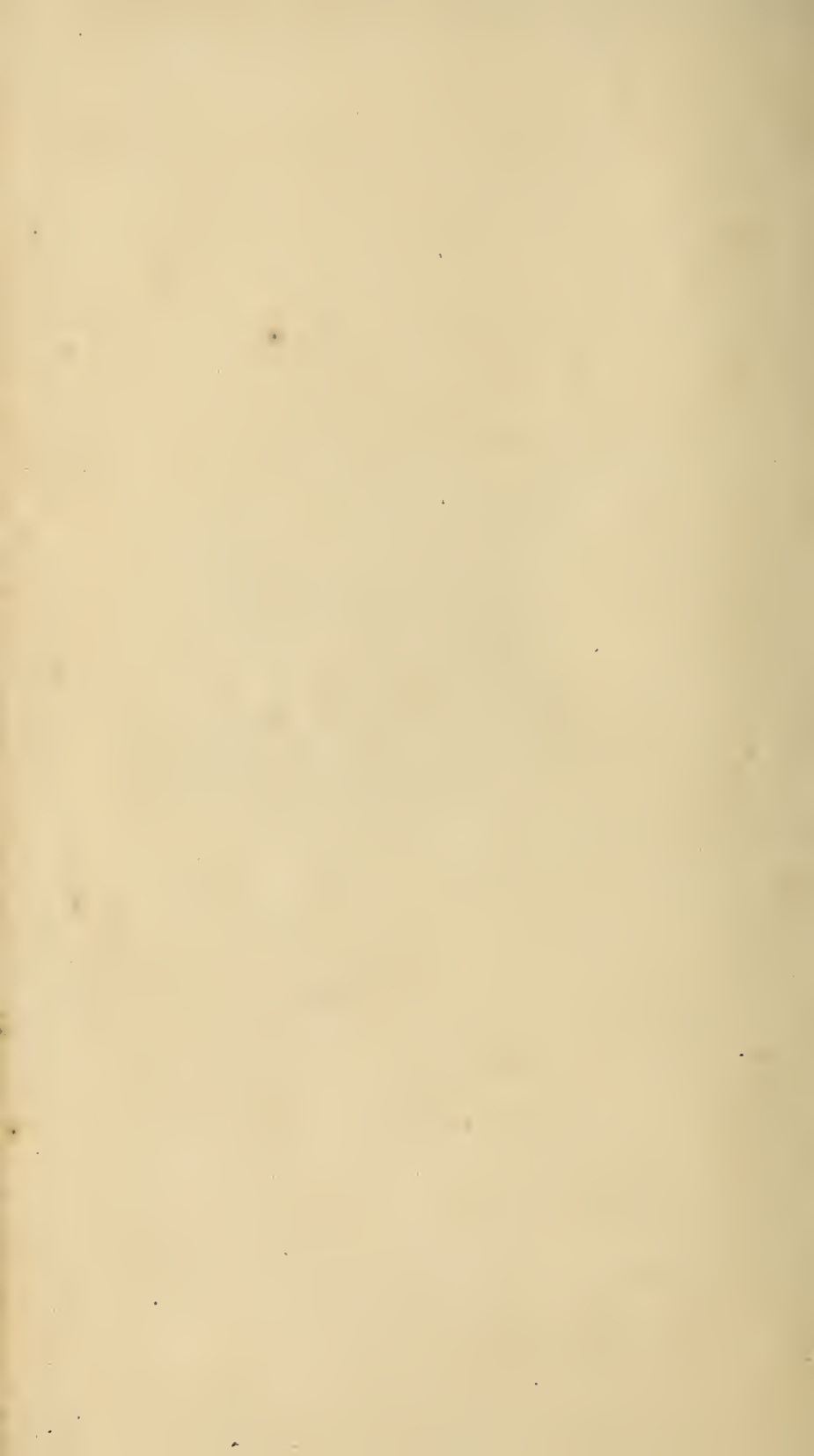
C. H. S.

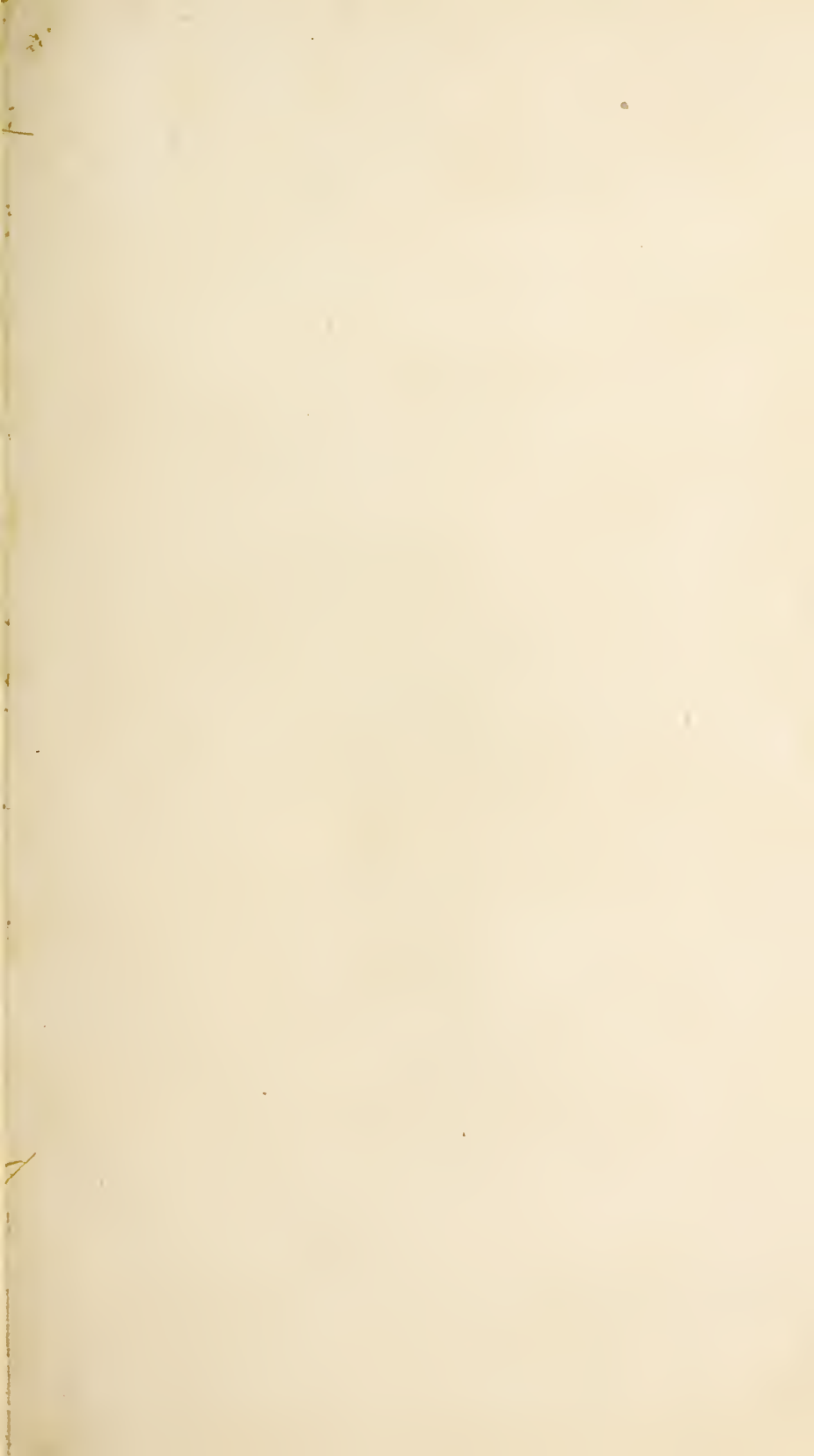


PUBLIC LIBRARY

of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County

Herschel F. Johnson.
'12.





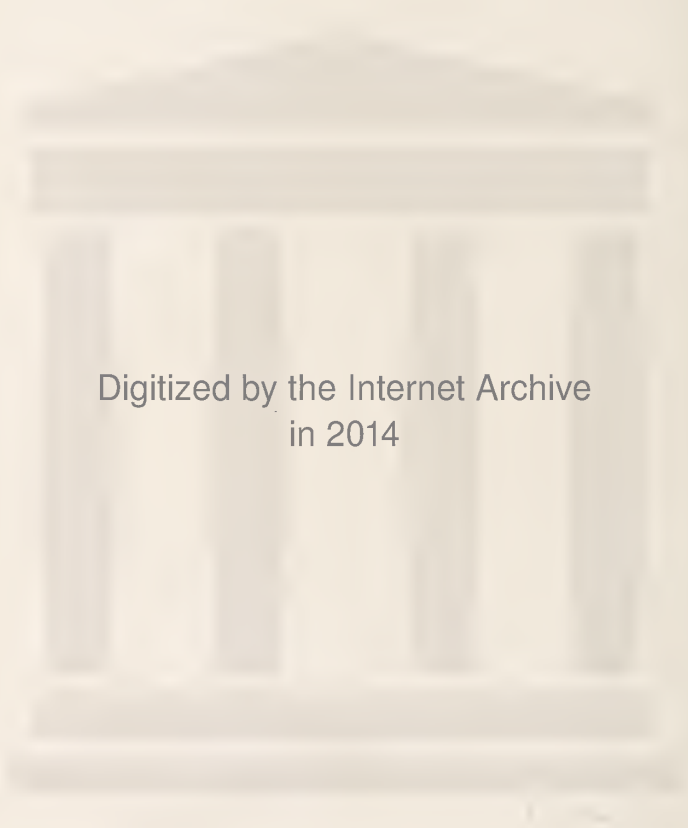
Snips and Cuts



Edited by Students of
Charlotte High School
Charlotte, N. C.

1911

WASHBURN PRESS
(RAY PRINTING CO.)
CHARLOTTE N. C.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

With Loving Remembrance of the
Pleasant Associations with our
School-mate
last year

We, the Students of the
Charlotte High School
Dedicate the Third Volume
.. of ..

“Snips and Cuts”

.. to ..

L. Morrow Russell

Editors' Preface

FOR the third time, we, the students of the Charlotte High School, have made an attempt to edit a high school Annual. The corps of editors this year have spared no pains to make this edition of "Snips and Cuts" a success. Of course you will not, with all our care and painstaking attention, find a perfect annual. But we can conscientiously say that, under the circumstances, we have done our best. We wish to thank all who have assisted us in any way. We trust that when speaking of this edition, you can say of the editors, "Well done."

THE EDITORS.

Teachers in the High School

FIRST in the hearts and minds of the pupils of Charlotte High School is Mr. Harding. This is Mr. Harding's seventh year as teacher and principal of our school. This term he only teaches mathematics: algebra and geometry in the Junior Classes, and algebra and trigonometry in the Senior Class. Last term Mr. Harding also taught English, but on account of the increased numbers in the Junior Classes, it was necessary to secure extra teachers, so now he devotes his full time to mathematics. Nothing need be said as to Mr. Harding's ability as a teacher. If you try to imagine that a proposition in geometry or trigonometry, or an example in algebra is difficult, he, by his clear explanations and "power of persuasion" convinces you that your hopes are groundless, and even before the explanation is finished you are agreeing with him that it is indeed "a nice little proposition."

Besides Mr. Harding we have two other teachers, this being their first year with us, Mr. W. B. Davis and Mr. Pierce Wyche. The first of these, Mr. Davis, teaches Latin, Greek, German, French, and if need be, English also. Mr. Davis hails from Warrenton, N. C. He is a graduate of U. N. C. Since leaving college he has taught in several other places besides here. Last year he was with Davidson, teaching Latin and mathematics. The previous year he held a position with Catawba College. Mr. Davis has won a place in the hearts of all of us who have undergone his thorough and strict, but beneficial discipline. At the social he is one of us. Out of the school room he is a kind and thoughtful friend. During recitations he is all of these, a composite blending of all his virtues in one, which, reinforced by his extensive learning, pedagogical strictness, serves to make him a universal favorite among the students of Charlotte High School.

The latter of these, Mr. Wyche, the instructor of

English and History, is also a new, but able and efficient member of the faculty. Mr. Wyche is a graduate of Trinity, where he took an A. B. course. Besides this he took an M. A. course at Wofford. Before obtaining the position with Charlotte school, he taught in the Hastoc High School Spartanburg. Mr. Wyche, by the thorough knowledge of his branches of the curriculum, is an invaluable addition to the corps of teachers in the High School. We have all, at least, the majority of us, spent many "pleasant moments" with Mr. Wyche, who is a strong non-advocate of the old proverb: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Mr. Wyche takes a great deal of interest in the High School, especially in a literary way. It is mainly due to his constancy and untiring efforts that we have issued such a creditable annual.

Besides the ones immediately associated with us, we have, Prof. A. G. Randolph and Mr. Farlow. Both of these are the able instructors of the Ninth grade, Mr. Randolph being also principal of the South School. The 9th grade is the stepping stone to the High School proper. No better persons could be found for the training of the "near high schooler's" than Messrs. Randolph and Farlow

W. K. CARR, '11.



Editorial Staff

Chief Editors

EDWARD KEESLER

WILL K. CARR

Social Editors

MISS LOUISE YOUNG

MISS ELIZABETH BOMAR

Athletic Editors

FRED McCALL

JOE WENTZ

Comic Editors

MISS ERWIN KERR

MISS MARY BLOOM

Business Managers

MEBANE LONG

MARTIN BOYER



EDITORIAL STAFF "SNIPS and CUTS"

The Gray Stone House

IN the fast fading light of a chill November day, a weary traveler slowly picked his way over the rough, stony road leading toward the little village of Chester. He was cold and footsore, limping as he walked. Every now and then he cast his eyes upon his poor, hungry looking dog, walking by his side.

"Well, Rover, old fellow! We can't get to the village to-night, that's certain! 'We'll hunt us a shack somewhere and rest for the night. I don't suppose that we will have any supper either, although my pockets are full of money, for I am afraid to spend it. 'Oh!' he muttered under his breath, 'how that miserly old woman clung to her gold, and she shrieked when I struck her. But she'll never scream again, and I had to have the chink.'"

The dog looked up into his master's face as if in answer, and then trotted on at his side as before.

As he spoke he went around a curve in the road, and he thought he could see in the distance the outlines of a building.

When he came nearer, he saw that it was an old, gray-stone house, surrounded by tall oaks and unkept shrubbery. In the deepening gloom the old, gray building loomed up dim and ghastly. Every now and then the leaves on the old oaks rustled as if swept by a gentle breeze, but no other sound was to be heard. The silence was oppressive, and as the ragged man approached the building, he whistled softly to the dog, as if to break the silence and, at the same time, dreading to do so. He cautiously ascended the steps. The door was partly ajar.

"We're in luck, old boy," he muttered, "an empty house all to ourselves, if I'm not mistaken! Walk in, friend, and in a jiffy we'll have a roaring fire."

So saying, he pushed the door wide open, and swaggered into the hallway, the dog meekly following at his master's heels. The man's steps seemed to awaken a thousand echos all through the deserted house.

His teeth were chattering. "Strange, strange!" he muttered under his breath. "It wasn't so cold out-doors, but in here it's cold and damp as a tomb."

He felt his way around in the hall, for it was now dark save for a little ray of light that came through the open door. He groped about until he found another door, which he opened and passed through. Taking from his pocket a box containing only three matches, he struck one, and by its light was able to see dimly his surroundings. He was in a large room, perfectly bare so far as he could see. He noticed with pleasure that the fire was already made for him, all but applying the match. The grate was filled with lightwood, and a quantity lay on the floor close by. At that moment the first match went out and left him in total darkness. Just then he was startled by hearing a strange cry. The dog whined piteously.

"Be quiet, Rover," he commanded. "Didn't you ever hear an owl before?"

He hastily crossed the room, struck his second match and touched it to the fire. It caught and blazed up warm and bright, lighting up the entire room. The tramp held his fingers to the fire for a few seconds, then turned quickly, as if impelled by some invisible force, and looked around the room. He saw that it was large and square, containing two windows, and—oh! horrible sight! On the floor in the center of the room were large blood stains. He shuddered, and, unable to endure the sight, looked around for his dog, intending to leave the place at once. The dog had sneaked back in the shadows in one corner of the room, and lay, crouching with his nose to the wall, whining and trembling.

"Rover!" he called, somewhat sharply. Just then the windows rattled, the door slammed, and the blazing fire was extinguished in a moment. Again the strange cry rang out louder and more weird than before.

The man was thoroughly frightened by this time. Hastily he struck his last match and held it to the lightwood as before. Again he turned quickly and his gaze rested on the blood stains.

“Oh!” he shrieked, “blood, blood!” It looks like - he put his hands over his eyes and his lips were ashen. “Come, Rover, let’s go out of here. Quick! quick!” And he rushed madly from the door. As he passed into the dark hall, the fire flickered low for an instant and then suddenly went out again. At every step he made, he seemed to hear the tread of other feet all through the house. He reached the door—the front door by which he had entered, and which he was sure he had left open. It was closed and locked.

Wildly he beat against it, but it stood firm. A cold perspiration burst over him. Wild with fear, he rushed with his whole strength against the door, but suddenly the strange cry sounded again, this time almost in his ear.

He fell down against the wall and knew no more. Every sound ceased and over the mysterious house darkness and silence reigned supreme. It is said that the old gray-stone house was once the happy home of a rich young lord and his beautiful wife, but he had had a bitter quarrel with his brother-in-law and had murdered him in cold blood. The shock killed his wife, and at her death he had left his home never to return. Soon among the simple country folk the belief that the house was haunted gained headway, and the place was dreaded and shunned by all who knew of its tragic history.

Years afterward, the heirs of the property decided to explore the old stone house and so sent workmen to make it again habitable.

In the hallway near the door they found, to their amazement, the skeleton of a man and close by its side lay the bones of a dog.

C. Y., '11.

Class Poem

I.

Softly the gentle summer breeze
O'er the verdant fields doth blow,
No more we think of winter's freeze,
And of ice nor drifting snow.
Bright shines the sun, the flowers bloom,
And sweetly perfume the balmy air,
There is no thought of winter's gloom,
The joy of youth is everywhere.

II.

Eleven long years of joy we've had
In learning, playing and in strife,
Nothing too hard, nothing sad
Has marred this summer of our life.
The flowers of learning decked our way,
Waiting the grasp of youthful hand,
Working and toiling day by day,
Happy victors now we stand.

III.

Winter comes with ice and snow,
Flowers die, and birds no more
Sing sweet songs. The breezes blow
No longer o'er green fields but roar
A song of gloom through lifeless trees.
Thus 'tis with us as we depart
From school days dear and hours of peace,
From mates and friends so near the heart.

IV.

Yet though we feel the wintry gloom—
As we leave our friends so dear,
The bud of hope foretells the bloom
Of future flower, so bright and rare,
For from this sad hour when we part
We begin the Spring of life;
From now we only make the start
To greater, grander, nobler strife.

By JOHN W. CARR, Class Poet.

Graduating Class

Officers

PRESIDENT—William K. Carr

VICE-PRESIDENT—Edward Yates Keesler

SECRETARY—Kate Graham

Members

Uhlman Seymour Alexander	Ed. Wolfe DeArmon
DeWitt R. Austin	Myra Erwin Kerr
Ruth Kirby Bennett	Giles Mebane Long
Mary Bowman Bloom	Fred. B. McCall
Elizabeth Clevelend Bomar	Ruby Polk
Martin Evans Boyer, Jr.	Louise Bibb Spong
John W. Carr, Jr.	Martha Katherine Squires
Isabel Cornelia Chapman	Mary Clark Smith
Dora Davis	William Wayt Thomas
David Caldwell Young	



GRADUATING CLASS

Biography Class Members '11

Ruth Kirby Bennette

"Rufus" "Ben nette," guard varsity b. b. '09, '10 and '11. Supervisor of Bill Davis Literary Society, '10 '11. She takes Latin, Math., English, French and Bill Davis. Age—sweet 16.



Mary Bloom

"Blos," guard of a basket ball team, '10 and '11. Comic editor of "Snips and Cuts," '10 and '11. In after years—a school teacher with her little cork screw curls. Age 16, an approximate guess. Yes! Being fonder of English than all of her other studies, for fine and easy guessed reasons, (Most sincere.)



Erwin Kerr

Now for "Dott Kerr," center of the varsity basket ball, '09, '10 and '11. Captain of the Rowdies, '11. Comic editor of "Snips and Cuts," '10 and '11. Vice-president of her class in 1910; also vice-president of the Alexander Graham Literary Society, '10. Age 10, (prettiest).



Kate Graham

Why, here is Katie Lee Graham, who we must regard for a little while. Height $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Age 6. A bunch of cuteness. Played a few games of basket ball, '09 and '10. Guard on the "Rowdies," '10 and '11. Secretary of the class 1911. (Prettiest hair, sweetest.)



Elizabeth Bomar

Ho! Ho! dear old Beth Bomar, chief marshal for the class of 1910. Played splendid ball all of '09 and '10.

Guard on the "Hustlers" '10 and '11. Secretary of the class in 1910; also Secretary of the Literary Society, '10. Social editor of "The Snips and Cuts," '10 and '11. Age 14. Height, medium. (Most attractive.)

Dora Davis

Well, Dora, now for you. Age, sweet 16. She takes Lat-in, Mathematics, "Henglish," French; also the boys. Very charming and attractive girl. Smart ways.

Louise Spong

"Bib" "Sponge."—Forward, Varsity B. B., '09 and '10. Manager of the two teams, The "Hustlers" and The "Rowdies," '10 and '11. Age 16. Ways—like she was 18. Historian for the Class of 1911. An all round, "hail fellow well met" kind of a person. Loved by all. (Most stylish.)

Ruby Polk

Ruby Polk. Height 10. Age 13. Hobbies—The Boys and Letter Writing. Liked by all. Pet Aversion—Latin. But especially fond of French.

Mary Smith

Well, well, here is old "Clark." Good looking. Age 10. Appearance 5 years old. Height, 11 ft. Cute as any of them. Guard of the "Hustlers" '10 and '11. Played some ball '09 and '10. (Biggest talker.)

Isabelle Chapman

"Icicles" Chapman. Height, 15. "Tall and Beany." Age 22. Forward, Varsity '09 and '10. Captain of the "Hustlers," '10 and '11. Class Prophet, '11. One of the marshals for the class of 1910. Appearance—very funny and old maidish looking. (Most ambitious.)

Kate Squires

Now, Kate, how are you jogging along this weary way? Good utility man, '09, '10 and '11. Sweet disposition. Friend to all. Age 20; height, medium. Appearance—Very attractive looking. Liked by all. (Neatest).

DeWitt R. Austin, (Grandfather Abe.)

Height, 6-1; weight, 140. He is a great mathematician; also very fond of Latin and French. DeWitt will make a great man some day, provided some one will be kind enough to give him a boost.

William Wayt Thomas, (Bo.)

Age 17; height 5-10; weight 120. "Bo" is general utility man on the base ball team. He can play anywhere except catch, pitch, or play in the infield or outfield. Wayt's main feature (which Mr. Davis will vouch for) is quickness, and rapidity in finishing examinations.

Giles Mebane Long, (Mut.)

Age 15; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 120. Dear little "Mut," manager basket ball team of '09-'10, (Junior Team; also Varsity '10-'11. President Alexander Graham Literary Society, first 4½ months '10-'11. Athletic editor "Snips and Cuts," '09-'10. Business manager "Snips and Cuts," '10-'11. Baseball and Football, '09-'10. Manager Baseball Team, '10-'11.

Edd Wolfe DeArmon, (Tam.)

Age 18; height 6 ft.; weight 153. "Tam" is the handsomest boy in the class. Aspires to be an architect. His favorite study is Latin, especially Livy.

John W Carr, Jr., (Lady.)

Age 16; height 5 7½; weight 135. Our illustrious and discreet "Lady" Class Poet, '10-'11. He is simply "hungering" for knowledge.

Edward Yates Keesler, (Kees or Doog.)

Age 16; height 5 8½; weight 133. He electrifies every one with his wisdom and learning. Captain Basket Ball '10-'11. Chief editor "Snips and Cuts," '10-'11. Vice-President Class '11. His aim in life is to live at Anderson.



fred B. McCall, (Froid, Shorty, Mack.)

Age 17; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 118. Fred is "some cutter." Stoutest member of Class. Business manager "Snips and Cuts," '09-'10. Athletic editor, '10-'11. Baseball team, '10-'11. Treas. Alex. Graham Literary Society, '10-'11. He is ready for anything that "ockerrs" (occurs.)



Martin E. Boyer, Jr., (Murtin.)

Age 17; height 5 8½; weight 138. Martin, the wise and sagacious. Noted for his dexterity in managing, especially the "Spon(g)dulicks." Class Pres. '09-'10. Pres. Alex. Graham Society last 4½ months, '09-'10. Chief editor "Snips and Cuts," '09-'10. Business manager '10-'11. Treas. Bill Davis Society, '10-'11. Orator Senior Class '11. Wayt's rival for slowness. (Hope of the colored race.)



David Caldwell Young

Age 17; height 5 ft. 5 in.; weight 120. The next to the best looking boy in the Senior Class is our dear and enhancing "Pip." "Pip" is very fond of translating any kind of language, from Ethiopian (his native tongue) to Greek. Ringling Bros. have offered him a position on account of his dexterity in "riding."



William Kimbrough Carr

(Willum-Billum) Debater '10-'11. Chief Ed. Snips and Cuts '10-'11; Pres. Class '11. Authority on income tax. Poplar street is very "popular" with him. Basket ball and baseball Varsities, '10-'11.

Class Prophecy

SCIENCE had always been my favorite study; I started it in the eleventh grade and made a specialty of it during my college career. My interest had been centered in one particular branch—the study of Field Glasses—and it had long been my ambition to develop an improved type. After finishing college in 1919 I realized that my opportunity had at last come to carry out my cherished plans. For six long years I labored over this incessantly, determined to evolve an “Exrayoscope,” a glass which, as the name implies, combines the principle of the field glass with the marvelous X-raypower.

At last, one day when repeated failures had almost convinced me that my hope was a vain one, success suddenly smiled upon me thro’ pure accident.

I was seated on a high knoll in a Western Montana village where I had gone to try my experiments. Absently toying with the adjustment screws of my model, I was debating with myself whether it would not be a wise move to “shy” it at a saucy squirrel that was barking at me as if in derision of my dejection. “If the little villain comes as near as that boulder I’ll smash him,” I said to myself.” Its bad enough to have failed, and I’m not going to stand any guying, even from that bushy tail.” He scampered on toward the boulder chattering and scolding as he came. Suddenly his vituperation passed my endurance limit, for as plainly as I ever heard the words pronounced he began saying: “You fool, you fool, you x-rayfoool!” In another instant my instrument went whizzing in the direction of squirrel and boulder and Bunny was scampering down the valley with a whisk of his tail which seemed to class my impotent marksmanship along with my inventive genius. In picking it up I found it was not hurt and I decided I would now turn it towards New York.

But who is this dignified individual flying in such a beautiful airship. Why, bless my heart, it is Martin

Boyer; and he is on time! "Hello, Martin." But I have forgotten, he is too far away to hear me. - "Where is Boyer?" Oh, there he is entering the capitol. Now he is talking with the Governor of North Carolina—"Mut Long"—but their conversation is boring—it is about politics. Martin is a statesman. I turn to seek others of the ordinary, every day class of empty eleven.

"Hi, McDuke, hi! where are you going all flossed up here in New York? "My!" exclaimed he, "Icicles, how glad I am to see you!" "But say, have you not noticed my sign on Fifth Ave., reading:

FRED MCCALL,
Attorney,
Law Building, New York City?"

"Yes, but I must be jogging on." "Oh, McDuke, don't hurry. Stop! tell me about our old C. H. S. classmates; have you knocked up against any of them in this dear old city?" "Why, yes, indeed. Bloss is here. I just passed a millinery shop up Fifth Ave., where she was making a talk on Woman's Suffrage." After that I could hardly wait to bid him adieu, so anxious was I to see dear old Bloss of yore. But arriving there I was at once convinced that all would be brought under her sway, when I remembered the genius she had displayed way back yonder in the High School days, in the debating contest.

Crash! bang! All of this rumbling seems to come from a theatre in Paris. As I stood musing, whether to enter, three finely dressed ladies sweep by me chatting very gaily: "Oh, no, indeed, I wouldn't miss hearing Madame Dorae Davis this evening for any amount." For some reason I followed. What was to meet my gaze! There arose the prima donna of the season, who was startling Paris with her magnificent voice—no other than my old friend, Dora Davis, with her name spelt and pronounced differently. Waiting after the opera, I felt myself very much honored to shake hands with Madame Davis of Paris; but lo! while we were talking, who should walk up but "Rufus," Erwin, and Elizabeth, the same

trio that I had followed in. "Well, my pieces," exclaimed I, "who left the bars down and let you all in?" They all readily explained to me about their studio, and Elizabeth being the teacher of art, while Rufus and Erwin taught music.

Now for old Charlotte, and I turn about just in time to see Ruby teaching French to a class of boys at Raleigh, of which she is principal. I did but just have time to shake hands with my old pal and go jogging on my way, but at the same time this seemed hard for I was so close to dear old Charlotte.

It is sad. I turn my eyes towards the country for a rest. But there is no rest, even out in Korea, for the first thing discernible in the ploughed lands is an old C. H. S. lover. Mary Smith is pushing a plough of goodness, and one from whose seed planting can one day be reaped souls for Christ. Instinctively I mop my forehead.

"Er, beg pardon, er, what isn't this Kate Squires?"

"Will Carr, holy smoke!"

"Er, Kate, why er, what are you doing in such a pitiable plight, ahem?"

Kate shakes her head sadly as she answers: "It is too long to tell; "but the substance is that I thought I appreciated literature. I read Milton's Minor Poems and Lamb's Essays of Elia, and here I am, an old maid, and apt to die one."

"Will, pray what are you doing as Prof. of English at Yale College?"

"Well, er, it is just this way: I have them fooled."

Away! away! An idea! I now turn my glass over into another continent. But ho! who is this riding the Monorail in Heidelberg, where he has his headquarters; more than one of my old classmates of 1911, Edward.

I next have the privilege of gazing upon one of the prettiest weddings (in the Methodist church in Philadelphia) I have ever witnessed. For there was Lady Carr and sweet little Kate having the knot tied by Towsack, who later informed me that John was Editor of Puck.

From there I turn the Exrayoscope towards Washing-

ton, and what do I see staring me in the face on Pennsylvania Ave., but

ED. WOLFE DEARMON,
Architect,
Rooms 505-506 Trust Building,
Washington, D. C.

I decided to take a little time anyhow and go up to chat with Ed. and attempt in the meanwhile to find something about Wayt and Dewitt. Ed. seemed very glad to see me, and before I knew anything a half an hour had slipped away, but nevertheless I obtained information that Wayt was a prominent detective in the service of U. S., and that Dr. Austin was Head Surgeon of Johns Hopkins.

However, this is no time for philosophizing for about a thousand miles away I spy my dearest old girl, Louise, entering a grand mansion with the 400 of New York City.

"Hump," groaned some one close to me, "they think they are something." But to me they were considerable and I wasn't at all surprised to see Louise there if she still possessed those cunning and attractive ways of yore.

Back across the sea for me. but hey! who is that walking the deck of the North Atlantic, and bearing that dignified air as if holding a commanding office, but Admiral Uhlman Seymour Alexander.

Well, I have seen them all; my pleasurable, self-enforced duty is over. I will now join the worldly din and make my "Great Exrayoscope" known.

ISABEL CHAPMAN, '11.

Junior A Class

Miss Leta Louise Burkhead	Miss Mary L. Sheppard
“ Mary Butt	“ Marguerite Spillman
“ Virginia P. Davidson	“ Willie Anderson Todd
“ Norma G. Holobaugh	“ Mildred Sylvia Wilcox
“ Johnsie M. Jamison	“ Alma Willmann
“ Lillie May Jetton	“ Margaret Louise Young
“ Louise H. Lineberger	Aubrey McCoy Elliott
“ Mabel Elizabeth Link	Jake Reid Hastings
“ Elizabeth Long	Albert Ray Howland
“ Margaret Mannering	Tracy Walsh Huntley
“ Emma Eliae Moon	Herschel V. Johnson
“ Janie Young Orders	Billy Kincaid
“ Mary Olivia Pruette	Geo. Washington Long
“ Wilhelmina Rock	Carl McClelland
“ Mary Dunn Ross	S. White Rhyne

John Wilkes





JUNIOR A CLASS

Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth of England

TO contrast the lives of two such women as Mary and Elizabeth there are of course many things to be considered. First, we should notice the environment of their childhood, the atmosphere in which they grew, their surroundings from babyhood to womanhood.

Mary's childhood was spent at the French Court under "the tutelage of the queen of France, whose main instrument of policy was the corruption of her children." This was for many years her home and here she imbibed a love for the beautiful in life rather than a knowledge of the serious which she so much needed in later years. Here there was no mother or sister to advise and admonish, to do and say the hundred little things that count for so much in the moulding of every girl's character. Her early engagement and marriage when only a child, to further the interest of Scotland, her later marriage and disappointments have a telling effect on her life.

From all this Elizabeth was free. All her life she was self-reliant and independent. The earlier part of her life was spent at the castle of Hatfield with her sister Mary, who although a bigoted Catholic, failed to influence her younger sister; and as queen of England we see Elizabeth favoring either Catholics or Protestants as the occasion demands. She was a shrewd politician, knew whom to trust and how far to trust them. The one redeeming feature of her character was her love for England. This was her all-absorbing thought. However vain, however selfish, however much she loved Elizabeth, she still loved England more.

On the other hand, Mary's interests were all self-centered. She cared little for Scotland and nothing at all for England. Her purpose in life was to humiliate her rival, and to win honors for herself and her son. This child was her idol. Her own disappointments and sor-


rows she counted as nothing in comparison with his interests and the glory that awaited him as heir to the English throne. All her hopes of domestic happiness, all the pleasures she should have enjoyed in this life were sacrificed willingly on the altar of maternal love. "The vivacity of her spirit not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crime." While there are many things in her life to be condemned, there is much to be pitied and more to be admired. She was cultured, "capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity." In form she was well nigh perfect. "The modern Helen—the most beautiful, the weakest, the most attractive and attracted of women."

In deep contrast to this picture we find Elizabeth a rather a homely woman, cultured as Mary was, yet vain and untruthful, overfond of dress, and the admiration of her court.

Mary was a queen, Elizabeth a ruler, and after all these years we can view them as they were. But our nature's seem to wish to draw the veil of forgetfulness over the former's crimes, leaving only to us the beautiful and pathetic in the life of "The lovely and unfortunate Mary." Elizabeth is presented to us as Eng'and's greatest queen, majestic and powerful, a woman of rarest intellect, but lacking a woman's heart.

M. D. R., '12.

The Triangular Debate

N the twenty-first day of April there happened an event of utmost importance to the Charlotte High School and of great interest to all the high schools of the State. This was the triangular debate between Greensboro, Raleigh and Charlotte. Greensboro sent two debaters to Raleigh, Raleigh sent representatives to Charlotte, and Charlotte sent speakers to Greensboro. Each home team had the affirmative side and the visiting team the negative, so that representatives of each of the three cities discussed both sides of the question.

The query was: "Resolved that a tax should belevied on incomes of \$3,000, or more, barring constitutional objections." The affirmative side here was upheld by Messrs. Will K. Carr and Irwin Henderson, and their opponents were Messrs. Woolcott and Beckwith of Raleigh. The debate was a close one and the judges had a hard task before them in awarding the victory, but when the ballot was cast, it was found that the Raleigh boys had won.

We have no cause whatever to be ashamed of our defeat here, for this is the first time the Charlotte High School has taken part in a debate of this kind, while Raleigh has had experience before. Since we had to lose, we are glad that we lost to two such splendid fellows as Mr. Woolcott and Mr. Beckwith.

Messrs. Tracy Huntley and Aubrey Elliott represented us at Greensboro, having the negative side of the question, of course. The two Greensboro debaters, with whom our boys had to contend, were reputed to have won every debate which they had participated in. Reputation, however, did not protect them and they became the victims of the well aimed shots of Tracey and Aubrey.

The result of the contest between Greensboro and Raleigh was in favor of the latter city's team. Thus, it is seen that Charlotte came out even, Raleigh on top, and Greensboro in the hole.

The Triangular Debate was a success in every par-

ticular and was heard by large crowds in all three cities. Debates like this one are not only educational but entertaining as well, and it is to be hoped that we will continue to have them in the future.

E. Y. K., '11.



Junior B Class

Miss Mary Lois Anderson

“ Anna Reid Andrews

“ Maud Beaty

“ Alice Bilbie

“ Lucy Louise Bomar

“ Aileen Butt

“ Mary Louise Blakely

“ Jonnie Lytle Carr

“ Louise Gordon Field

“ Levicey Gallant

“ Margaret B. Gray

“ Anna Ophelia Hart

“ Clara Evelyn Holder

Miss Flora Lee Hovis

“ Sarah Mellon

“ Frances I. Sholtz

“ Mary Shelton

“ Lillian Kay Wallace

Victor Roy Allison

Howard L. Davenport

Geo. Lillington Evans

Arthur I. Henderson

Paul Francis McKane

William Barney Pitts

Sloan Stroud Sherrill

Richard Lee Stitt

Joe Orr Wentz





JUNIOR B CLASS

Rivals

EVELYN JOHNSON and SUSAN CURTIS were the best of friends. They had lived near each other all their lives and were never known to have a quarrel. Evelyn was a quiet, reserved girl, and was so sincere and had so much good common sense that she was liked by every one. Susan was quite a chatterbox, and so attractive and pretty that she was a general favorite.

Both girls were in the Senior Class in the High School and were working very hard for the first place on the honor roll as this entitled the successful contestant to a scholarship in one of the leading colleges in their native State, Alabama. Evelyn's heart was set upon winning the scholarship, her parents being too poor to send her to college otherwise. Her father had once been a wealthy man, but had lost every cent of his money.

Susan was the only daughter of a wealthy banker. Her parents knew that Evelyn would not be able to go with Susan unless she was the winner, still they wanted Susan to enjoy the honor.

The examinations for the first quarter were held and Susan's average was just one point more than Evelyn's. Susan was very proud of her good mark. They always went to and from school together, and studied together every afternoon.

It was nearly time for the second quarter examinations and both were studying hard. Evelyn worked late at night and early in the morning on her mathematics, which was her weakest point.

They stood the examinations and each was excited to know which was successful, Monday morning they went to school early to find out their marks. The teacher told them that Susan's average was just a small fraction more than Evelyn's.

Going home one afternoon, Susan was rejoicing that school would soon be out, and "to think that the next year they were going off together!" Evelyn had never

told her that she could not go unless she won the scholarship, but she told her then, that her father had lost all of his money, and she would not be able to go to college.

This disappointed Susan very much. She had never thought that her success would mean the separation of herself and dearest friend the next year. That night she lay awake a long time thinking about Evelyn. The thought occurred to her not to study very hard for the final examinations in order to give Evelyn a chance. She told no one of her plan.

Evelyn noticed that Susan did not take the interest in her lessons which she used to. It had never occurred to her that it was all for her sake.

Although Evelyn had given up the hope of the scholarship, she studied harder than ever. The girls were walking home the last day. Evelyn was sad because she thought it was the end of her school life. Susan told her that she might get the scholarship in the end as she had failed in one of her studies. They were to find out their grades the next day. They went together and the teacher told Evelyn that her yearly average was more than Susan's. She was greatly surprised for she had been sure that Susan would win it. She was so happy to think that they would again go to school together. It was hard to tell which was the happier of the two friends.

KATE GRAHAM, '11.

Members Ninth Grade

Pauline Etheridge	Dorothy Grace Perry
Margaret Katherine Overcash	Prentiss H. McCall
Louise Margaret Ezell	Preston Andrews
Mary Olivia Chamberlain	Annie Lucile Albright
John Edward Chapman	Grace Baskerville
Wilbur Arnold Sadelson	Carl Blanten Pyson
Fred L. Wilson	Ethel Trotter
Alexander Gallant	Louis Norman Schiff, Jr.
Robert Brice Cochran	Kate Kendrick
Edith Isabell Grady	Flora Belle Porter
Hallie Elizabeth Trotter	Jane Carver Johnson .
Gertrude Hall	Elsie May Davenport
Alexander Halliburton	Fannie Downing Owens
Caroline Constable	Julia Adelaide Mosely
Katie Lee Nixon	May Elizabeth Blanton
Ethel Eugeta Brumfield	Mary Sophie Sloan
Marguerite Sherrill	Ella Moseley
John Robinson Pharr	Martha Louise Jamison
Grace Dunn	Eugenia Furman Russell
Everett Nisbett	Pauline Partin Williams
George Dooley	Helen Katherine Clinard
Evelyn Boyd	Artis Sue Kerley
Jeanne Black	Faye Whitlock Blanton
Landon Cabell Flournoy	Nellie Bly Hinson
Estelle McDonald	Mary Effie Youngblood
Anne Eloise Burkheimer	Mary Elizabeth Propst
Grace Hatcher	Anne Graham
Archibald Lafayette Young	Mary Emily Wilkinson
William Archibald Davis	Essie Louise Squires
Katherine Morris McDonald	Charles Erskine Blakely

Pearl Annette Harper



NINTH GRADE

Perseverance

PEOPLE may tell you of your being unfit for some special occupation of life, but heed them not. Whatever calling you follow with perseverance will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. All of man's performances, at which we look with admiration or wonder are instances of that resistless force of perseverance.

For example, let us look for a little while at the life of that much-loved and respected woman, Mrs. Bessie Lacy Dewey and dwell a little upon some of the things she accomplished by unselfish persevering efforts.

Mrs. Bessie Lacy Dewey was born in Virginia, the daughter of Rev. Dewey Lacy, D. D., a Presbyterian minister. The name Lacy rightly suggesting the strain of Hugunot blood that ran in the veins and which certainly showed itself in the love of poetry, music and literature, as well as in the devotion and loyalty to her religion and church. In her early childhood the family moved to North Carolina, and it was in this State that Mrs. Dewey's life was largely spent. She was educated at the famous school for girls and young ladies in Greensboro, Edge North, and also in Richmond, Va. Even in girlhood she showed wonderful intellectuality. A few years before the civil war she came as a young bride to Charlotte, and it was in this town that her young womanhood was passed and her later years, which were but a fulfillment of the promise given in her early life.

Soon after the civil war, when the negroes were a free but helpless people, bound, if not by slavery, by ignorance and superstition, Mrs. Dewey was active in trying to teach this race in a Sabbath school held for them in the basement of the First Presbyterian church. This was not an easy or a pleasant task perhaps, but with a true missionary spirit Mrs. Dewey went to this school from Sunday to Sunday, endeavoring to instill into these darkened minds the right principles of life.

Mrs. Dewey was also deeply interested in what was probably the first mission school for white children in Charlotte. We must remember there were no public schools here then, and there were many children whose parents were unable to pay the price of tuition in the schools. For this class a mission school was established largely by individual members of the First Presbyterian church. Mrs. Dewey was made treasurer, and no small part of the success of the school was due to her diligent efforts in raising the amount necessary to maintain it. The teacher employed was a widow and Mrs. Dewey said that when she paid the monthly salary, this teacher would always say as she folded up the bills and put them carefully away: "This is for my son's education." To-day that son is one of the most distinguished and scholarly ministers in the United States. So we see that Mrs. Dewey was actively interested in every phase of church work. Her love of music and knowledge of it led her to become organist of the church she so loved—and for many years she was organist and director of a choir that made that church conspicuous for its beautiful and worshipful music. It was not easy to keep either choir or music up to her ideals, but by her faithful, untiring efforts and unflagging interest, success was reached.

At the time she reached middle life Mrs. Dewey was left a widow and became a bread winner. Then the music and the literature that had been her pleasure became a source of livelihood. She taught music and literature in what is now the Presbyterian College. In her work as a teacher, as well as in her own reading, she realized the need of more reference books and more volumes than could be contained in a private library; she saw that there was great need of a public library. She consulted some of the leading citizens of the town, and finally, after much thought, and with the co-operation of a few, the first public library was opened in Charlotte. Mrs. Dewey was the librarian and in this position she was an inspiration to hundreds of people, especially of the young with whom she was in close sympathy. There were many discour-

agements in regard to the library and numerous disappointments; but through it all Mrs. Dewey was faithful to her post; often indeed when in feeble and failing health.

Through her sympathy with young people, she became the guiding influence of a circle of young women whose school-days were over, but who still wished to study and keep in touch with the world of letters, and at Mrs. Dewey's death, it was this circle of young people that placed the bronze tablet in the Carnegie Library which reads thus:

In memory of
Bessie Lacy Dewey
who inspired and kept alive
The First Public Library in Charlotte
This tablet erected by
The Saturday morning
Bessie Dewey Club
May 1909

Nor is this the only visible monument to her. In the auditorium of the Presbyterian College there is a stained glass window of soft, warm colors, showing a suggestive pile of books, surmounted by the quaint old lamp of learning; underneath are the words: In loving memory of Bessie Lacy Dewey with the appropriate line from Tennyson—"Death has made his darkness beautiful in thee."

How did she accomplish so much? Did she go out as a lecturer and make public talks on the need of libraries or speak eloquently of the beauty of music and poetry? Did she have wealth to establish libraries, endow schools and colleges with departments of literature? Far from it! She gave herself! And although eleven years have passed since Mrs. Dewey's death, her influence is still felt, and there are many who will never forget the inspiration and the stimulus given to them by this noble woman. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

May we think of her noble life when the way seems too dark and the tasks too hard

ISABEL CHAPMAN, '11.

Literary Societies

On account of the large number of pupils in the High School this term, the faculty thought that more could be accomplished if we had two separate societies. Since there were two different rooms devoted to the Juniors it was decided that each room should have a literary society and that the members of the Senior class should be divided evenly between the two.

Alexander Graham Literary Society

Officers First 4½ Months

PRESIDENT—Mebane Long

VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Elizabeth Bomar

SECRETARY—Fred McCall

TREASURER—Martin Boyer

SUPERVISOR—Miss Lucy Bomar

CRITIC—Miss Martha Flournoy

Officers Second 4½ Months

PRESIDENT—Aubrey Elliott

VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Marguerite Spilman

SECRETARY—Fred McCall

TREASURER—White Rhyne

SUPERVISOR—Miss Louise Young

CRITIC—Miss Wilhelmena Rock

The Alexander Graham Society meets in the same room as last year. The students have settled many momentous queries in the debates. Even the girls have now and then entered in the debates and judging from their sound and logical arguments, "The Charlotte High School" will turn out a goodly number of suffragettes. Besides debates we have recitations, declamations, dialogues and the class papers. All of these are instrumental in carrying out the real object and aim of the societies—"Intellectual, moral and social development."

Bill Davis Literary Society

Officers First 4½ Months

PRESIDENT—Uhlman Alexander
VICE-PRESIDENT—Miss Lois Anderson
SECRETARY—Miss Mary Shelton
TREASURER—Martin Boyer
CRITIC—Miss Elizabeth Bomar
SUPERVISOR—Miss Ruth Bennett

Officers Second 4¼ Months

PRESIDENT—Paul McKane
VICE-PRESIDENT—Joe Wentz
SECRETARY—Miss Mary Shelton
TREASURER—Martin Boyer
CRITIC—Miss Elizabeth Bomar
SUPERVISOR—Miss Ruth Bennett

This society is an offspring of the original "Alexander Graham," being named after Professor Davis, our beloved language teacher. This society meets at the same time as the other one and on their programs, practically the same features are followed. Whatever errors have been made, whatever time has been wasted or whatever feature has been lacking, it can be conscientiously said that both of these societies are great advantages to the High School and that the work and progress of both would reflect credit on any school.

WILL K. CARR, '11.



C. H. S. Girls in College



ONE of the most noticeable features of the Charlotte High School is the encouragement to aspire to higher attainments. After the high school course has been completed it is the ambition of practically every student to go to college.


A large per cent of the girls who have completed the course in the Charlotte High School, and are now in college, have made excellent records. Nine-tenths of the girls who have made the highest honors have been graduates of our high school. Some of them have been through college and are holding important positions as teachers. In fact, a number of the most successful teachers in the public schools here obtained the foundation of their education in the high school. We are proud of the fact that almost every year the highest averages in the Elizabeth and Presbyterian Colleges have been made by two of our girls. One might argue that it is the ambition of the individual, but our boys have done much to perpetuate the good reputation of our school.

The practice that our girls have obtained in playing Basket Ball seems to have been of some value, for in the college records of athletics we find the names of many of our old girls prominent.

The proper measure of a school's efficiency is not the number of fads and "frills" which burden its course; instead, it is the result obtained. A glance at the records made in college by our graduates will, we believe, more than vindicate the quality of our work.

ELIZABETH BOMAR, '11.

C. H. S. Boys in College

 SINCE the eleventh grade was added, the Charlotte High School is rated higher than any other public school in the State. At present the course consists of seven studies: English, French, German, Greek, Latin, Algebra and Trigonometry. A pupil is required to take only four of these studies; he may select more if he wishes, but English must be one of the four. The C. H. S. has a total of about nineteen units to its credit and most colleges and universities require only fourteen for entrance. Thus it is seen that a graduate of the eleventh grade is able to enter almost any college or university without conditions and without standing examinations. It is largely due to this fact that there are so many old students of the Charlotte High School in colleges to-day.

The C. H. S. is well represented at the University of North Carolina and is justly proud of the record its old students are making there. 1 is the highest mark given at the University and 2 is the next highest, etc. Mr. Cyrus Long, who won the scholarship to the University last year by his exceptional yearly average of 99.5, at the end of the midwinter examinations had the following marks to his credit: Latin I, Greek I, Mathematics I, English 2.

Mr. Junius Smith, a last year's graduate too, who is also at the University, made the much desired mark of 1 on English. Both Mr. Long and Mr. Smith played on the varsity basket-ball team last season.

Mr. Lenoir Chambers, who graduated at the C. H. S., and then went to Woodberry, is a member of the freshman class. His splendid marks were: English I, Mathematics I, Latin I, History 2, German 2 and Oratory 3.

Messrs. George Graham, Odom Alexander, Henry Smith and Will Belk, four boys from the C. H. S., will graduate at the University this year. All of these play a prominent part in the life at this institution. Mr. Graham is statistician of his class, one of the editors of the maga-

zine, and he was formerly the editor of the college annual, "Yackety-Yack." Mr. Belk is a varsity foot-ball player and stands well in his class. Messrs. Alexander and Smith are making good records and are prominent members of several college organizations.

We have a representation of forty-four boys in fourteen institutions in six different states. Every one is a graduate either of the tenth or of the eleventh grades. They are as follows:

University of North Carolina—George Graham, Odom Alexander, Henry Smith, Will Belk, Marvin Ritch, Norman Vann, Joel McAden, Tate Denton, Spurgeon Cook, Junius Smith, Cyrus Long, Callie Little, Roy McNight and Lenoir Chambers, Jr.—14.

Davidson—Wallace Long, Lock White, Chalmers Jamison, John Boyd and Lawrence Wilkinson—5.

Wake Forest—Howard Huntley, Ferris Smith, Roy Smith, Derr Mayberry and Carey Dowd—5.

Trinity—Edwin Jones, Russel Henderson and David Highland—3

A. & M.—James McCallum, George Brice, Leland Craig, George Kidd, Otto Austin and George Trotter—6.

N. C. Medical College—James Squires—I.

Washington & Lee University—Alfred Reilly and Campbell Fetner—2.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute—Thomas Haughton—I.

Theological Seminary of Kentucky — Richard C. Gresham.—I.

Furman University—Albert Ezell—I.

University of Wisconsin—L. Jenks Brady—I.


Woodberry Forest—Stuart Gilchrist—I.

Annapolis—Uhlman Alexander and John Wilkes—2.

Georgia School of Technology—Harry Loving—I.

EDWARD KEESLER, '11.

Class History '11

N the natural order of things the parting of ways comes to us all; with some it is a season of rejoicing, with others of regret. The retrospection of our years at school brings both rejoicing and regret. Rejoicing that the hard study is over and regret that some good opportunities have been lost and we cannot receive the plaudit, "Well Done."

It would be more pleasant if the history of this class could show that we had been perfect scholars, but, alas, perfection is too hard to attain by the average boy and girl.

We are not attempting to give a full history of this class, only the essentials and they cover a space of eleven years.

During the primary grades, recess was the most important part of each day. For that was the only real recreation period because the afternoons were filled with thoughts of Stoddard's Arithmetic and that blessed blue back speller.

The advanced grades with the Latin translations and conjugations made the occasional holiday a joy, for just as other boys and girls do, we obeyed much, thought little, and saw the reason for nothing. Life was one long anticipation of vacation time.

The first year of High School saw our original number very much decreased. Some left for larger fields of work and others felt themselves well enough equipped for life to give up school altogether. One of our regrets is that they are not with us today, and here, the sad thought fills our hearts with sorrow that the grim reaper, death, removed from this class one that was beloved by all. In the midst of a promising career, Morrow Russell was stricken with typhoid fever and died leaving a vacant place in the hearts of teachers and class. "May light perpetual shine upon him."

Now a word for our beloved teachers, from the first on, they were the ones who had the real trials. During

the last year it has been our honor and pleasure to be associated with three of the best. They have counseled, directed, and led us through the hardest years at school, and, should we attain greatness in the field of knowledge, them belongs the praise.

As a class we have stood together and now that the parting must come, we hope that the associations in the Charlotte High School will always be an inspiration to each and every one to seek only the things which are best.

LOUISE BIBB SPONG, Historian.



The Advent of Christ

AUGUSTUS was Emperor. From Britain to Mesopotamia, from cold Russia on the North to torrid Lybia on the South, the world was simply a Roman farm, and with all its lovely islands the Mediterranean was a Roman lake. The stately mistress of cities dictated laws to Britain, Gaul, Germany, Spain, Scythia, Judea, Syria, Byzantium, Egypt, and Greece.

Though many of the conquered nations as the Germans, Scythians, and Gauls were fierce and strong, they had been subdued and were overawed by an army of 300,000 soldiers, as well trained and disciplined a force as ever was organized. With its beak of brass and talons of steel, the fierce eagle had conquered man, and when he flapped his wings the whole world trembled.

There was almost universal peace. By the courage and consummate generalship of Julius Caesar, the most formidable nations had been vanquished, and since the death of Pompey and the end of the civil war, the empire was swayed by a single autocrat.

Paganism was on the decline. The exquisite temples of Greece had begun to decay, and there arose no new expounder and defender of the ancient faith. But the genius of Rome had not passed its zenith. Seneca was born the same year as St. John the Baptist. Thousands still lived who had listened to the eloquent orations of Cicero. It was but the other day that the sweet voice of Virgil had fallen mute, and only a few years had passed since filthy old Charon had Horace for his passenger. Imperial Caesar, the author of the incomparable "Commentaries," and his friend Sallust were not long dead. Livy, one of the "brightest ornaments of the Augustan Age," was living when the Divine Mother sang the stately measures of the "Magnicat."

Under its beneficent ruler the proud and majestic daughter of Ilium was fast becoming a mountain of marble palaces, baths, temples, and theatres, the grandest that

ever the head of man conceived or the heart of man desired.

But in Rome itself under all the veneer of refinements, coarse tastes and fierce passions reigned; the same patrician who at a false note in music would writhe in graceful agonies, could order and watch with pleasure a delicate female slave tortured with red hot irons.

It was a fit time for the moral commencement of a movement that was greater and purer than Stoicism, and that concerned individually every person ever to exist.

A dry rot had got into Paganism. Idolatry and hero-worship were tottering to ruin. Satiety was the prevailing mood of the wealthy, and hopeless despair and misery of the down-trodden millions. So during this condition of wickedness, one cold starry night, the heavens opened over the Judean hills, and a company of angels and archangels and all the glorious hosts of heaven came down to announce the advent of the Prince of Peace, and the reign of Love.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, '12.



Dawn

I

Aurora draws her legions great
Within a fierce array;
While Cynthia from her chair of state
Surveys the arms of day.
The Sun, her greatest general, is
Resplendent in his light;
From the army's power 'tis
Sure that they will conquer Night.

II

Night lines his numerous stars
All for the battle drear.
His captain is the mighty Mars,
His host is standing near.
The constellations take their place
Within the fierce array,
Forward the mighty comets race
To meet the Force of day.

III

The battle starts, the eastern sky
Is flecked with crimson hue,
The arms of Night now westward fly
O'er fields besprent with dew.
Behind his fiery steeds, the Sun
Mounts in the Heavens high
Aurora has the battle won
And holds the Eastern sky.

JOHN W. CARR, JR., '11

How Anne Won the Game

YES, it is true, this was only a game between the Freshman and Sophomore students of Mitchell College, but it was the most exciting game they had ever played. I never saw such playing; the Sophomores made beautiful passes but the Freshman guards kept the forwards from throwing a basket. Both sides were eager to win the game, for both had won one game in a series of which this was the third.

The exciting play went on "nip and tuck" until Anne, the best player on the Freshman team, slipped over a line into the center's field and a foul was called. Poor Anne felt mortified. Time was nearly up for the first half and she, the one they expected so much of, had made a foul.

Breathlessly she watched the girl about to throw the ball and so did every one else. The referee gave the signal and the ball dropped into the basket after struggling hard to fall out. The spectators shouted with great applause, and the Sophomores gave a rousing cheer for the successful forward.

The ball was thrown between the centers and the Freshman player knocked it straight into a Sophomore guard's hands. It easily passed over to one of their forwards. There was a hard struggle, but still no fouls, and the Sophomores kept the ball on their side, but could not put it into the basket. At last a Freshman guard got it and pitched it into the hands of Anne's associate forward. "Why doesn't she throw it to me?" Anne thought. At last the girl saw her chance and the ball came spinning toward Anne. She caught it and threw it some where—she did not when—and at the same time the referee's whistle blew to calltime. Such a shout you have never heard—I know now our Freshmen can make more noise than our Sophomores—for the ball went into the basket.

But the cheer died as quickly as it rose, for the cruel whistle had sounded *just before* the play was made. That

score could not count. The players left the court to rest, the score being one to nothing in favor of the Soph's.

Such a thing had never before happened in the history of the College, and every one was very eager to begin the next half. After what seemed ages, the centers took their places and the game started. The ball was on the Sophomore's goal and every ball their forwards threw missed the basket.

A most dreadful thing happed next for Anne had made another foul.

This was not very bad for the Freshmen though, because the Soph. forward missed the gcal, but they kept the ball a long time.

The score was still one to nothing in the Sophomore's favor and looked as if it would soon be two to nothing, when the ball was thrown toward the centers for some reason. The Freshman center succeeded in passing the ball to Anne. Although she knew the time was nearly up, she remained perfectly cool and aimed beautifully. The ball went into the basket, not even touching the ring.

Yells and clapping filled the place, for time was up just after the throw and Anne had won the game for the Freshmen! Her throw counted *two* and that left the score two to one in the Freshmen's favor.

LUCY BOMAR, '12.





The several social affairs which have been given this year have been pleasant in every detail and have been appreciated greatly by the Senior Class in whose honor they have been given.

During the Christmas holidays we enjoyed an evening together in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. These were attractively decorated with the garnet and gold of 1911. The eleven gay couples of our class celebrated the evening as only schoolmates can, and ample justice was done to the refreshments, ices, candy and fruit.

"Spread."

The Seniors gave a delightful spread in the tea-room of the High School, soon after the holidays, at the noon recess. The teachers were invited and all satisfied ready appetites with the good lunch prepared by the girls and the generous supply of fruit furnished by the boys.

Valentine Party

Another pleasant occasion was the unique valentine party given by the Junior B's. The pretty home of Miss Jonnie Carr, whither the guests were summoned by appropriate invitations was tastefully decorated. Games, lively and entertaining, were enjoyed and delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

George Washington Tea

On February, the twenty-second, the Junior A's entertained the Seniors at a George Washington Tea, at the home of Miss Louise Lineberger on Ninth Street. The decorations were red, white and blue, and the color scheme was carried out in the refreshments. The Juniors in their

cordial manner entertained their guests with various new games. The glee club added exceedingly to the pleasure of the evening by singing several of their choice selections.

farewell Party

On March 15th, Miss Ruby Polk and Miss Dora Davis gave a farewell party to Uhlman Alexander, who left the following day to enter the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. The entire Senior Class and the faculty were invited. It was a perfect night and all enjoyed the evening very much, despite the fact that one of their most popular classmates was leaving them. And in order to make his departure as pleasant as possible, and that he might carry with him the brightest recollections of his old friends, an entertaining contest was arranged by the hostess and the evening's pleasure was ended by an old-fashioned Virginia Reel.


The whole school regretted the loss of two of their most popular members, Miss Gordon Field and Mr. John Wilkes. The Junior B's gave a spread in Miss Fields' honor, before she left to make her home in Sumter, South Carolina.

Mr. John Wilkes left just after the holidays to enter the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

E. B. & L. Y.



Fisherman's Luck

WO years ago I went to school in a little village called Pine Tops. I was spending the winter with my aunt who lived two miles outside of town. Every morning I walked into town to school, with my dinner in a basket, for school was not dismissed until 4 o'clock and we had our dinner at recess. About the happiest moment at school for us boys was at the ringing of the bell for the dismissal of school on Friday afternoon. It was then that we were let loose to enjoy ourselves that evening and the next day.

One Friday afternoon, about the middle of April, four of us boys were walking home, discussing what we would do for a good time the next day. We finally decided to go on a fishing trip to White's mill pond. We then separated and hurried on home to make our preparations. After I had put away my books, I hunted up my fishing line and bait bucket and told the cook to prepare a large basket of lunch for me.

I went to bed early that night and, after dreaming all night about catching "five pounders" and the like, I awoke about half-past four. Dressing hurriedly and getting my things together in short order, I set out at 5 o'clock to meet the others at the railroad crossing.

We all started out in good spirits, and after walking seven miles, reached the pond a little after seven. This pond was a very picturesque place. On one side stood an old broken down mill which was no longer in use. It was here that we deposited our lunch for safe-keeping until dinner time. A large part of one side of the pond was filled with cypress trees and among them were many "cypress knees" projecting above the water.

The first thing to do was to find a place where we could get our bait. We found a damp, shady spot under a tree and began digging. After nearly filling our bait can went over to the bank of the pond and settled down to fish. We sat hopefully waiting for a "bite" for about half an hour,

but the fish didn't come our way. Growing tired of sitting still, we got up and walked around the pond—to give us luck—and then tried again. We sat patiently waiting in the hope that there might come a stray bite or two, but fortune was still against us, the charm failed to work.

At last dinner time came, but we, as yet, had had no fish. We started off eagerly after our lunch, but imagine our dismay when we found that a hound, which belonged to another fishing party, had just saved us the trouble of eating it. There we were, four hungry, tired boys, who had fished all morning without any success and no dinner! One of our number happened to bring along a light lunch in his pocket which was not enough for one person. However, having nothing better, we divided this among us, but it only aggravated our healthy young appetites. Resting a little after this very light refreshment, we baited our hooks for a last trial. It was not very consoling to watch the other party, who were having some rare sport.

I had been watching them for some time and had almost forgotten my own line when suddenly I got a bite! This was rather exciting, but when I pulled my catch up it proved to be only a little "goggle-eye." This, though, was better than nothing.

Finally, it became evident that there were no more fish for us, so we started home, very hungry, very disappointed, and decidedly out of humor. On the way back there came a diversion which revived our spirits a little; this was in the shape of a big black snake, which we slew, after performing prodigies of valor. After such a delightful adventure we even had the courage to scare the little darkies that we met along the way, with the snake's remains.

I had the goggle-eye cooked for my supper, but you may be sure that I remembered the mill-pond lunch and made speedy and full amends—very full. My dreams that night were of monster snakes with goggle-eyes.

MARY C. SMITH '11.



Basket Ball

THE C. H. S. did not put out a football team this year, and as Basket Ball was the only game played during the winter months there was naturally a great deal of interest in the game. Scrub games were played at every recess and in this way some good material was developed for the varsity, and some that will be heard from next year.

Early in the season the Athletic Association elected Mebane Long, Manager, and Edward Keesler, Captain. After giving each candidate for the team a fair trial the following were selected for the team—John Wilkes, center; Mebane Long and Caldwell Young, forwards; White Rhyne and Edward Keesler, guards; with Will Carr, substitute. Towards the middle of the season the personnel of the team was greatly changed on account of the departure of John Wilkes for Annapolis; Joe Wentz being added the team as forward and one of the forwards being shifted to a position as guard, with one of the guards going to center.

The team this year was lighter than any that has ever represented the school, but undaunted by this handicap they set to work practicing with such vim and determination that they were soon in condition to give any team a close game, for what they lacked in weight they made up in team work.

To introduce the season the team journeyed down to Monroe and defeated the High School team of that town by the score of 31 to 24. Next came what was supposed

to be the Davidson Scrubs, but on the team were three Davidson Varsity men and of course we did not have a show, the game ending 57 to 18, with Davidson on the large side of the score. The team then played three games with the Charlotte Junior Athletic Club team, a team which was composed of older and heavier boys than those of the school team. In the first game the C. H. S. beat them 23 to 14 and the second was won by the Club team 28 to 21. The deciding game was played with John Wilkes, one of our best players absent and the game went to the C. J. A. C. by the exceeding close score of 20 to 18. Then in rapid succession the C. H. S. won three straight games, one from Monroe 59 to 6, and two from the South School, the first ending 28 to 12, and the next, which was the last game of the season, 45 to 15.

Summing it all up we find that C. H. S. won five games and lost three. All the defeats were inflicted by heavier and more experienced players. Nobly did the team uphold the honor of the C. H. S. and every student is proud of all the boys, who played their hardest whether in victory or defeat and the season of 1910 and 1911 will go down in the annals of the school as one of the most successful during its history.

The prospects for next year's team are very encouraging, the team will, it is thought, be heavier than this year's team. Two of this year's varsity will be here next year and two or three of this year's scrubs will make some one hustle to beat them out of a place on the team. There are also several experienced players coming over from the ninth grade who are almost sure to make the team.

JOE WENTZ, '12.



Base-Ball



AT the close of the basket ball season, the Athletic Association of Charlotte High School met for the purpose of electing a manager and a captain of a representative baseball team. Mebane Long was chosen manager and White Rhyne captain.

As soon as the backbone of winter—as the saying goes—had been broken, the boys began to warm up, and to talk of the prospects of having a winning team. As the spring season advanced, the hopes of having such a team grew higher, and the boys were in high spirits when they were called to practice by manager Long. The first practice was to be held on the South school grounds. When the boys of C. H. S. arrived on the scene of action they found the boys of Baird's Prep. School also engaged in spring practice. The Baird boys were in for playing a practice game, and as it would be good for both teams, the manager of C. H. S. decided to play with them. The boys of C. H. S. lined up as follows in the positions they were trying for: Long, pitcher; Rhyne, catcher; Thomas and Evans, first base; Wentz and Henderson, second base; McCall, shortstop; Stitt and McKane, third-base; and Davenport, Brown, DeArmon, J. Carr, W. Carr and McClellan were contenders for positions in the outer gardens. As the Baird boys had been practicing for a week or so, and the C. H. S. boys had had practically no practice at all, the result of this game could be easily foreseen. The score was 10 to 7 in Baird's favor. However, our boys were not discouraged by any means, and in two more practice games they came back strong and won handily from Baird's by the scores of 14 to 10 and 12 to 7, respectively. The next game was played with the Definers, a strong nine under the management of Lacy Seawell. We were defeated by this team by the score of 12 to 8. Although we were beaten in this contest, the game was

not devoid of features from a C. H. S. standpoint, for the pitching and batting of Long are well worth mentioning. A bevy of loyal High School girls witnessed our defeat.

On Monday, April 17, was played one of the most brilliant contests ever engaged in on the South School grounds. The adversaries were Charlotte High School and Baird's Prep. School. The keen rivalry which now existed between these teams made the contest all the more exciting. These two teams battled for ten innings without a runner's having crossed the pan. In their half of eleventh inning, the Baird boys scored two runs. The B. P. S. adherents almost went wild. Nothing daunted, however, the C. H. S. boys came in for their half of the inning with the spirit of grim determination glowing in their eyes. They not only tied the score by timely hitting but they also shoved the man with the winning run around the bases. The final score was 3 to 2 in favor of the old High School. Tanner, the opposing pitcher, deserves especial mention for his creditable pitching. To date, we have won three games and lost two. Here's hoping we shall add some more victories to our string.

F. B. Mc., '11.





MISS SMITH MISS KERR MISS BOMAR
 MISS SPONG MISS BLOOM
 MISS BENNETT



CARR

YOUNG

WENTZ
KEESLER

RHYNE

LONG

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth

MACBETH represents the outer or practical life; Lady Macbeth is a representative of the inner or intellectual life. Macbeth's sphere is the world of action and of this he is master, but he is "uninfluenced by the cultivation of the inner life, and lacks the self discipline which, at the beginning of the play, was the chief characteristic of his wife. "The two opposing natures have been united in a happy marriage, and the dark tragedy is softened by the tenderness of demeanor which appears on both sides." Let us see which was the first to choose the life of evil. In the speech of Lady Macbeth,—

"What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me
Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, yet you would make them
both,"

it is shown that the original choice for evil was made by Macbeth. Lady Macbeth may be pronounced the ruin of her husband in that, after the choice has been made, she, by her firmness and strength of character, holds him to his purpose.

Macbeth served the god of ambition and in his ambition he is selfish. Although ambitious in the greatest degree, and for his ambition plunged into horrible crimes, he is still vacillating and must be spurred on by his wife. In the mind of Lady Macbeth ambition is the ruling passion, yet there is no trace of selfishness. Never throughout the play do we find her meditating upon her own gain, but upon the power and glory her husband is to possess. It is for Macbeth that she is ambitious and for him she sacrifices every womanly feeling, even silencing the still small voice of conscience against this dark deed.

“Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me
here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top
full
Of direct cruelty.
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visiting of nature
Shake my fell purpose.”

“Macbeth’s lack of training in thought has left him without protection against the superstition of his age. He is dominated by the supernatural and puts utter confidence in the sayings of the witches. It is the “air-drawn dagger”—created by his superstition—that causes him to waver and falter from the murder of Duncan. Because of his superstition the finger of suspicion is first laid upon him. At a banquet, in the presence of his nobles, he sees the ghost of Banquo, and completely mastered by his superstition, betrays his guilt. In desperation, when even the courage inspired by his crimes has forsaken him, he seeks the witches. He does not doubt the truth of their words but trusts them absolutely.

Lady Macbeth has none of the weakness of her husband. No apparition or air-drawn dagger terrifies her,—she disdains the fancies and imaginings of the weaker Macbeth. When Macbeth is so disturbed by the ghost at the banquet, she does not lose her presence of mind but skilfully strives to keep Macbeth’s condition from appearing unusual. She always shows the coolest judgment and is never weakened by superstition.

Macbeth is essentially the practical man, the man of action. His is a very energetic nature. So long as he is active, remorse does not bring his crimes, in all their hideousness, before him. But when he is idle he becomes a prey to horrible imaginings. Thus when feasting with the nobles, he is terrified by Banquo’s ghost. Lady Macbeth is of a less energetic disposition than her lord,—she is a deeper thinker although Macbeth represents the outer life, he is

less practical, in the strictest sense of the word, than Lady Macbeth for he is practical only in a general way, while Lady Macbeth deals with the minutest detail.

Although Lady Macbeth is endowed with wonderful strength of purpose, she is still a woman and cannot slay Duncan; he resembles her father in his sleep and her hand is powerless. Macbeth was emotional and we can imagine him even in his contemplation of crime groaning for the pain of the victim, yet he does not, like Lady Macbeth, allow his emotion to prevent the execution of his plans.

At the opening of the play, Macbeth is the weakling and must rely upon Lady Macbeth's strength of character. She taunts him with lack of courage and spurs him on to murder,—she it is who arranges the details and supports Macbeth's weakness with her own strength. But when the deed is committed, her overtaxed nerves give way and she loses consciousness. From this time forward, Lady Macbeth weakens while her Lord's strength increases. He plunges deeper and deeper into crime and becomes hardened, while Lady Macbeth suffers in silence and finally loses her reason and wonderful strength. Macbeth, thus forced to rely upon his own resources, becomes desperate and in his desperation becomes courageous, even to fight Macduff, exclaiming,—

“Yet I will try the last,
Before my body I throw my warlike shield.
Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, “Hold,
enough!”

MARGARET LOUISE YOUNG
April 12. 1911.

The Haunted House

I WAS visiting my aunt in one of the suburbs of a large northern city. She was an elderly lady, so there wasn't much that a young girl could do to amuse herself and becoming tired of the solitude of the house I determined to take a horseback ride.

It was a bitter cold afternoon, but riding exhilarated me and I rode much farther than was my intention.

After a while I came to the outskirts of a large forest and was at once seized with a desire to explore it; so, tying my horse to a tree, I climbed over the fence and walked along the narrow path.

It was a place of undiscovered delights; never before had I seen such a beautiful spot; so loath was I to leave that I did not notice that the shadows of night were falling, or that dark clouds were gathering above me, but when I did realize this I was frightened to find myself alone in the dimly lighted forest.

It grew darker and darker, and every bush and tree seemed to take the form of some terrible monster. A bird brushed my face as it went flying by and I screamed in terror.

The rain now began to fall softly; would my aunt never miss me and send some one to the rescue, I wondered?

A flash of lightning revealed to me the outlines of a house in the distance and I decided to make my way towards it.

I crawled along on my hands and knees at times because the bushes were so thick and I was afraid of falling.

At last I arrived, and oh what bitter disappointment to find it long since deserted, but I had to have shelter for the night. I went up the steps, but paused on the threshold; my heart seemed to stop beating and I grew cold with fear as I heard the sound of muffled footsteps and some one groaning. Could this be the Haunted House I had heard the servants speak of? I asked my confused brain.

But I was determined to go in, for I was wet and nearly frozen to death.

The lower rooms were hot and smelled so musty that I decided to go upstairs and see what it was like. I crawled up the narrow broken down stairs and opened the first door I came to and this is what a flash of lightning showed me as I stood in the door paralyzed with fear.

Skulls encircled the wall, the floor was stained with blood, the ceiling was a mass of bats, and in the next room I could see numberless figures, swathed in white, dancing weird dances, a wolf howled, and an owl screamed outside the window.

As I stood gazing the skulls came down from the wall and joined their fellows in their dancing. A door slammed below me and I heard some one crying in an agonized voice for help. Would no one ever come to deliver me from this horrible torment?

My knees were growing weak and I was almost ready to fall when, hark! was it the sound of some one coming on horseback to rescue me, or was it a robber who had his den in this house coming to kill me and hang my skull upon his wall for decoration. God forbid!

As the rider grew nearer I decided to make him stop; if it was a robber he might have mercy and let me go, and then it might be a friend.

I plunged madly down stairs and fell into the arms of a strange man, and the next time I opened my eyes I was slowly recovering from brain fever in a New York hospital.

GERTRUDE HALL, '13.



The Comic Editors may scratch on pen
Till the ends of their fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark a jest,
Rats, how stale! I've heard that before.

Marguerite S—"And would you really put yourself
out for my sake?"

Herschel—"Yes, indeed I would, dear."

Marguerite—"Then do it, please, I'm awfully sleepy."

"Hello, Will," called out Mebane, "is John in the
house?"

"Course he is. Don't you see his shirt on the line?"

Elizabeth, did you give your little brother the best
part of the apple, as I told you to?

Elizabeth—"Yessum; I gave him the seeds. He can
plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

She was a winsome country lass,
So William on a brief vacation
The time more pleasantly to pass
Assayed flirtation;
And while they strolled in twilight dim,
As near the time for parting drew,
Asked if she would have from him
A "billet-doux."
Now, this simple maid of French knew naught,
But doubting not 'twas something nice,
Shyly she lifted her pretty head,
Her rosy lips together drew and coyly said,
Yes, Billy—do.
And William—did.

Kate was overheard singing the following one day when she thought no one was around:

Oh, why should I not love Johnny,
And why should not Johnny love me-e?
And why should not I love Johnny
Much more than any bod-ee?

White-- "I don't see why you won't believe you're the first girl I ever loved."

Lillie Mae-- "Why, did all the others believe it?"

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You are partly right, doctor," said Fred, sheepishly, only that ain't her name."

A bashful youth was out riding one moonlight night with his sweetheart, when suddenly breaking the silence of several minutes, Lillian said, "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

"Yes, somebody does love you," Tam answered blushing, "God loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,
And every other flower of Spring,
Said she, "I can't be allox those,
So you must Li-lac everything."

The teacher was talking to a class in the Sunday school room and was making her pupils finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it could not--"

"See," they all cried.

"It had ears," but could not--"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips, but could not--"

"Speak," once more replied her pupils.

"It had a nose, but it could not--"

"Wipe it," shouted Will from the back of the room.

Joe told his girl the other night that if she didn't accept him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her house.

"Oh, please, don't do it, dear," replied Lucy, "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

Will to Mary—"You are the breath of my life."

Mary—"Well, why don't you hold your breath awhile?"

I once had a heart within this breast,
But now it quickly throbbing rests
In the firm, strong grasp of a pretty lass
Who—hard luck—is in the Junior Class.

BY A SENIOR.



C. H. S. Alphabet

- A** stands for Algebra, difficult math,
Which brings us low marks and enkindles our wrath.
- B** stands for Bill, who's so lively and gay,
And delights with the Seniors at parties to play.
- C** stands for carelessness, we have our share,
But humor and intellect also are there.
- D** stands for Mr. Davis, so learned in Greek,
That all the ambitious his teaching do seek.
- E** stands for English, a class which we dread,
And gladly see music come Thursday instead.
- F** stands for Mr. Flanagan, our dear last year's teacher,
Whose year's sojourn with us has made him a preacher.
- G** stands for gong that sounds "out" at recess,
That dispels our worries and thoughts of distress.
- H** stands for Harry, Mr. Harding's first name,
Whose knowledge of math. has brought him much fame.
- I** means a treat from the cold Frigid Zone,
It comes at recess—'tis the pink ice cream cone.
- J** stands for jokes that appear in this book,
You must laugh, gentle reader, when at them you look.
- K** stands for Mr. Keesler, who spared him no pains
To train up our voices to the high singing planes.
- L** stands for Latin and Livy, so great,
Where we read of great battles now all out of date.
- M** stands for Monday, the first of the week,
When excuses from lessons we zealously seek.
- N** stands for the names of each young man and maid,
Whom the C. H. S. faculty had to upbraid.
- O** stands for (h)onesty, we all have that,
Although it often plunges us into a "spat."

- P** stands for Physics, the cause of our fears,
Which more than once almost has brought us to tears.
- Q** stands for questions, both long ones and short,
When missed to harsh measures our teachers resort.
- R** stands for restriction, the bane of our school,
Which allows not the breaking of one single rule.
- S** stands for Seniors, so wise and sedate,
Whom the Juniors all heartily mortally hate.
- T** stands for teachers, of whom we have three,
As kind and as thoughtful as any could be.
- U** stands for Uhlman, our loved president,
Whose time in the navy from now on is spent.
- V** stands for Varsity, our basket-ball team,
Five stout, husky players—say, aren't they a dream!
- W** stands for Wyche, who has a great fight,
To establish his ideas of wrong and of right.
- X** stands for “(e)xcellent,” which we desire,
Hoping we'll get that, and then mount up higher.
- Y** stands for yellow, the poet's “saphron hue,”
On a pennant with garnet it sails o'er our crew.
- Z** stands for zero, that mark thinned our crowd;
But the're still twenty-one, and of them we're proud.

ERWIN KERR, '11.

C E N S U S 1 9 1 1

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
Ruth Bennett	Don't ask	Dumpy	I don't understand that	To fail on Exams	Mr. Davis	To be valedictorian
Mary Bloom	Unknown	Stunning	Wait a minute	Trigonometry	Kodak pictures	To own an auto
Elizabeth Bomar..	3 X	Fluffy	Really	English	Dancing	To go to Converse
John Carr.....	Ask Kate	Just the size for Kate	Let me see that	To make less than perfect	Kate	To be a professor
Will Carr.....	4 —	Hammered down	Dad jing	Erwin	Debates	To become an orator
Isabel Chapman...	Stopped telling	Long and slim	My pieces	Unstudious people	Mr. Harding	To own a scholarship
Ed. DeArmon	Guess	Little taller than Mary S.	Sure enough	Liry	Mary Smith	To become an architect
Dora Davis	Real young	Saved off	Look here	Snakes	Boys	To be tall
Uhl. Alexander....	? ? ? —	Chunky	Look here Louise	His rivals	Louise	To have his love requitted
Kate Graham.....	Had to tell	On the decrease	Isn't John Cute	Parties	John	To cook for John
Ed. Keesler.....	0 0 X	Bashful	Aw shucks	Auto wrecks	Lois	To win Lois' love
Erwin Kerr	Coming some	Always blushing	Du tell	Physics	"Imp," pictures	To go to boarding school
Fred McCall	Ask him	Skinny	Oh! well	Algebra	Baseball	To be a swell lawyer
Dewitt Austin.....	A little older than Elizabeth	A bean pole	Have you seen Elizabeth	Elizabeth's other suitor	Elizabeth	To win Elizabeth's love

CENSUS (CONTINUED)

NAME	AGE	DESCRIPTION	FAVORITE SAYING	HORROR	CHIEF TOPIC	AMBITION
Mebane Long	1 ½	Like a k'poodle dog	Swat him on the bean	Cumpositions	Hasn't any	To grow a little
Wayt Thomas.. .	Under 100	Rather awkward	You don't mean it	Mr. Davis	Boxing matches	To be a cartoonist
Ruby Polk	Ask Caldwell	Little smaller than Caldwell	I laks it	Big feet	Pretty clothes	To be good looking
Louise Spong	Sweet 16	A fair blonde	For goodness sake	Moustaches	Basketball	To get married
Mary Smith	Still a baby	Little but loud	You know something	Chickenpox	"Tam"	To be a missionary
Martin Boyer	40	Crooked	Has none	Mr. Wyche	The Annual	To be President of United States
Caldwell Young...	Forgotten	An athlete	Take it away	Exams.	Girls	To be a preacher
Kate Squires..	??!!	Just a nice size	Oh, I don't know	Boys	Lessons	To be a school teacher

C. H. S. Glee Club

AT the beginning of the past school term there was manifest need of some organization which would have for its object the training of the voices of the C. H. S. boys. There were several excellent singers in both the Junior and Senior Classes, and there were also many poor voices which could stand some improvement. These amateur "song birds" would congregate in corners and nooks of the school grounds and make some feeble attempts at harmony. These trials, though far from disclosing anything startling, proved that there was good material for a male chorus in the High School.

Finally it was decided to organize a "Glee Club." Mr. Keesler, the competent professor of sight-singing in the public schools, was chosen director. There were many candidates and the manager had some difficulty in placing each person in the group where he could do the best work. Ultimately they were arranged as follows: First Tenors—Tracy Huntly, Will Carr, Mebane Long and Wayt Thomas; Second Tenors—William Kincaid, Joe Wentz and John Carr; First Basses—Julian Woodruff, Caldwell Young, Edward Keesler and Lee Stitt; Second Basses—Martin Boyer, White Rhyne and DeWitt Austin.

The club was given half an hour every Friday for practice, and during this period for several months Mr. Keesler and his pupils labored faithfully, trying to harmonize their voices to the tune of "The Jolly Blacksmiths." This being accomplished, they next turned their attention to a much easier composition, "The Little Pica-ninny."

The first performance was given at the debate between the high schools of Raleigh and Charlotte in the Hanna Hall. Each boy did better than ever before, and if there were any discords they were drowned by the piano. The songs served as an agreeable diversion and were greatly appreciated by the audience. It was truly said that, though Charlotte lost the debate, the Glee Club scored a decided success.

After their first appearance in public, the boys went to work with increased eagerness and corrected what mistakes had been made in their performance. They are expected to render an excellent programme at the coming Class Day exercises, and it is certain that they will do much better than previously.

The Glee Club is certainly greatly indebted to their efficient director, Mr. Robert Keesler, for his untiring perseverance in drilling and fitting them for their performances. Often he would exhibit patience which would be worthy of emulation by Job himself. Again and again he would request some group to sing their part over in order to correct some small defect of tone. Many times he would have the song repeated in order to obtain that indefinable something called "Harmony." He has shown himself to be not only an excellent musician, but also a patient and persevering teacher.

The Glee Club may not have exhibited any extraordinary genius, nor has it brought forth a second Caruso, but it has certainly helped train a few good voices and instilled all its members with the "do-your-best" spirit, which will help them all in after life.

J. W. C., '11.



Electrical Development in and Around Charlotte

IN respect to electricity Charlotte is surpassed by no other city of equal size, and excels many of even greater population. Besides the Southern Power Company, which surrounds Charlotte with a network of power lines, and which will soon surround her with a network of electric railroads, many small companies in the nearby towns produce electricity.

The Catawba River affords a great amount of water power, and, on account of the cheapness of operation, much of it is utilized for the production of electrical energy. This is transmitted many miles to furnish the current for different towns and cities.

Charlotte now has an electrical system which is almost ideal. It receives its electricity from the Catawba River wholly now, and not from gas or steam plants in town as formerly. This power furnishes the lights, runs the cars, and turns the machinery in Charlotte. There are five distinct lines from the River to Charlotte, not connected in any way, so that if one should be disabled by a storm or other occurrence, the others would be left. In case they were all out of use for some reason, which is not likely, there are still left the gas and steam plants in Dilworth. The gas engine can be started in five minutes, so there is no danger of the cars being stopped or the lights being out for any length of time.

As is well known, almost half the cotton mills in the entire South are within a radius of a hundred miles of this city. Nearly all of them are now driven by electricity. Even where the mill itself is on a stream, instead of turning the machinery directly by a huge waterwheel, electricity is first produced and then power is transmitted to the machinery by means of electric motors. By this method the power is more evenly distributed throughout the whole mill, and many long lines of shafting are done away with.

Mills are still run by steam engines, but generally indirectly through the medium of electricity.

A street car line has recently been constructed in Concord, North Carolina. Unlike most of the systems now in use. the cars are equipped with the new Edison storage battery and do not depend upon trolley wires for their current. This system saves the trouble and expense of putting up and maintaining a trolley line and it does away with the unsightly poles along the street.

We are ahead of the rest of the United States in at least one phase of electrical development, that of obtaining fertilizer from the air. A German is the inventor of the scheme. To run a plant of this kind greater water pressure at very little cost is required. The Southern Power Company easily supplies this necessity and it has already begun work on a plant at Great Falls, S. C. The inventor himself and other European experts are now engaged in carrying on the work, and it will be the first enterprise of its kind in America. If these plans are successfully carried out, the price of fertilizer will be so lessened that this article will be within the reach of every cultivator of the soil. There are now in the countries of France, Norway, Italy and Austria plants for manufacturing fertilizer in this way.

The engineering firm of Tucker and Laxton, of this city, lately installed a plant at Great Falls for purifying drinking water. Water, after being passed through receptacles containing ozone, is so purified that tests shows an absence of all contaminations. The ozone is produced by a simple electrical device, and the cost of production is very cheap, when it is considered how many diseases result from impure water. It will be a great improvement over the system now in use, for scientists agree that water purified by chemical processes is injurious to the human body. It is to be hoped that ozonized water will soon be in use in Charlotte.

Certainly the most important developments are the Interurban Car Lines. These are not to be mere street car lines, but will be full fledged railroads, having regular

coaches and carrying freight. The one to be constructed by the Southern Power Company will run from Charlotte by way of Gastonia and King's Mountain to Spartanburg, Greenville, Anderson and Greenwood, S. C. Another line is said to be projected from Charlotte to Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Durham, and there is some talk about a road from Asheville to this city.

Charlotte will be benefited more than any other city, because it will be the very center of the whole system. People can then catch a train at almost any time, either on the electric or steam railway. They will be able to ride on clean, noiseless trains, and not be bothered by dirty cinders or the noise from the engine. Since the new roads will run almost parallel to the steam railways, there is bound to be competition as to passenger fares and freight rates. This means that travel will be cheaper and that shipping will cost less for the people of Charlotte. Then, too, the value of real estate along the proposed line has greatly increased. Already much Charlotte property has changed hands at enormous prices.

We consider Charlotte a city now, and with its electrical development, and boosted by the Greater Charlotte Club, it must become larger and more important every day. Surely, if the projects which have been planned are only carried through, Charlotte will continue to be called the "City of Electrical Energy."

EDWARD YATES KEESLER, '11.



Triangular High School Debate

Greensboro—Raleigh—Charlotte

Charlotte

vs.

Raleigh

Hanna Hall, Y. M. C. H.,
Friday, April 21, 1911, 8.00 P. M.
Charlotte, N. C.

PROGRAM

Chorus, "The Jolly Blacksmith's Lay" *Adam Geibel*
C. H. S. Glee Club

Flute Solo.

MR. W. M. KINCAID

DEBATE

QUERY—"Resolved, that the Federal Government should
levy a graduated tax on incomes over \$3,000, barring constitutional objections."

CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL

Affirmative

IRWIN HENDERSON

WILL K. CARR

RALEIGH HIGH SCHOOL

Negative

PHILIP WOOLCOTT

CLIFTON BECKWITH

Chorus—"The Pickaninny" *Steele*
C. H. S. Glee Club

REJOINDER

DECISION OF THE JUDGES

ADJOURNMENT

Class Day

Friday, May 19, 1911

Eleven O'Clock

Hanna Hall, Y. M. C. H.

PROGRAM

Roll Call.....Miss Kate Graham, (Sec.)

CHORUS, "The Jolly Blacksmiths".....*Geibel*
C. H. S. Glee Club

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.....Will Carr

CLASS HISTORYLouise Spong

ESSAY, "Electrical Development In and Around Charlotte,"
Edward Keesler

CLASS POEM.....John Carr, Jr.

CLASS ORATION.....Martin Boyer, Jr.

CHORUS, "The Pickaninny".....*Steele*
C. H. S. Glee Club

CLASS PROPHECY.....Isabel Chapman

CLASS WILL.....Fred McCall

CLASS SONG, "One More Song".....*Flataw*

Class 1911

Class of 1911

MOTTO: *Conare esse primus*

COLORS: Garnet and Gold

PRESIDENT	WILLIAM K. CARR
VICE-PRESIDENT . .	EDWARD YATES KEESLER
SECRETARY	KATE GRAHAM
HISTORIAN	LOUISE BIBB SPONG
ESSAYIST	EDWARD YATES KEESLER
ORATOR	MARTIN EVANS BOYER, JR.
POET	JOHN W. CARR, JR.
PROPHET	ISABEL CORNELIA CHAPMAN
LAWYER	FRED B. MCCALL
UHLMAN SEYMOUR ALEXANDER	DEWITT R. AUSTIN
RUTH KIRBY BENNETT	MARY BOWMAN BLOOM
ELIZABETH CLEVELAND BOMAR	DORA DAVIS
ED WOLFE DE ARMON	MYRA ERWIN KERR
GILES MEBANE LONG	RUBY POLK
MARTHA CATHERINE SQUIRES	MARY CLARK SMITH
WILLIAM WAYT THOMAS	DAVID CALDWELL YOUNG

Marshals

CHIEF, LILLIAN WALLACE

LILLIE MAY JETTON	LOIS ANDERSON
MARGUERITE SPILLMAN	SARA MELLON

Graduating Exercises
Charlotte High School

Auditorium

Eight O'Clock

Friday Evening, May Nineteenth, 1911

CHORUS, "Ode to the Governor of North Carolina" ... *Keesler*

INVOCATION

CHORUS, "Soldier's Chorus" *Sullivan*

LITERARY ADDRESS

HON. W. W. KITCHIN, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA

CHORUS, "The Shepherds' Goodnight" *Verdi*

CHORUS, "Lullaby" *Brahms*

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

By REV. J. L. CALDWELL, D. D.

CHORUS, "Freedom and Truth" *Verdi*

AWARDING OF SCHOLARSHIPS

READING OF HONOR ROLL

CHORUS, "Come Where the Fields are Beaming" ... *Kunkel*

CHORUS, "The Old North State" *Gaston*
(The audience is requested to join in singing)

BENEDICTION

Honor Roll

EDWARD YATES KEESLER	-	-	-	-	99.7
GILES MEBANE LONG	-	-	-	-	99.4
JOHN W. CARR, JR.	-	-	-	-	99.18
RUTH KIRBY BENNETT	-	-	-	-	97.
LOUISE BIBB SPONG	-	-	-	-	95.9
MARTIN EVANS BOYER, JR.	-	-	-	-	95.6
ISABEL CORNELIA CHAPMAN	-	-	-	-	94.8
DORA DAVIS	-	-	-	-	94.6
ELIZABETH CLEVELAND BOMAR	-	-	-	-	93.38
MYRA ERWIN KERR	-	-	-	-	93.1
DAVID CALDWELL YOUNG,	-	-	-	-	92.2
MARY BLOOM	-	-	-	-	91.58
KATE GRAHAM	-	-	-	-	90.6
FRED MCCALL	-	-	-	-	90.

Scholarships

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA—EDW. Y. KEESLER
 TRINITY COLLEGE—MEBANE LONG
 WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—JOHN W. CARR, JR.
 ELIZABETH COLLEGE—RUTH K. BENNETT
 PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE—LOUIS B. SPONG
 WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY—MARTIN E. BOYER, JR.
 BRENAU COLLEGE—ISABEL C. CHAPMAN
 MUSKINGUM COLLEGE—DORA DAVIS
 A. & M. COLLEGE—CALDWELL YOUNG

Marshals

CHIEF, S. WHITE RHYNE

AUBREY ELLIOTT	PAUL MCKANE
TRACY W. HUNTLEY	JOE WENTZ
HERSCHEL JOHNSON	GEORGE EVANS

Advertisements



OBLIGE US BY TRADING WITH THE FOLLOWING FIRMS

GET IT AT HAWLEY'S

If it's anything in the Line of Drugs,
Soaps or Drinks. We have it. ❧ ❧

HAWLEY DRUG CO.

Corner 5th and Tryon Sts. Advance Academy Sale

A. W. AUSTIN

Native and Western Meats, Fish and Oysters

Phones 1220-1024

305 North Tryon Street

We Soar above all competitors, except
in price. Then they soar above "US"

THE FLOYD L. LILES CO.

CHARLOTTE'S AUTHORITY ON WOMENS' WEAR

17 and 19 West Trade Street

Phone 776

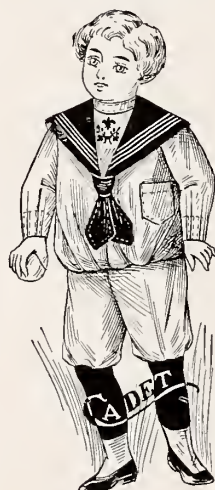
We Supply

Men and Boys from head to foot

Our Ladies' Shoes

and Misses are of the most select
qualities and workmanship
always at popular prices

H. C. LONG CO.



WE SELL
MANTELS, TILES AND GRATES

Let us show you through our show
room. We can save you money ❧ ❧

Charlotte Builders' Supply Co.

Corner Third and College Streets

Phone 845

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF QUALITY IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
VIEWS, GROUPS, ETC., ANY WHERE, ANY TIME

RADER'S STUDIO

209 1-2 West Trade Street

Phone 1178

Lawing-Robbins Furniture Company

**COMPLETE
HOUSE FURNISHERS**

Furniture, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Oil Heaters, Lamps, Mattresses,
Comforts, Blankets, Mattings, Carpets, Rugs

Phone No. 214

22 and 24 N. COLLEGE STREET

SEE US BEFORE BUYING

Terms to Suit You

C. R. MAYER & CO.

Family Druggists

SIXTH AND TRYON STS.

WILL APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE **PHONE 252**

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
OF THE UNITED STATES

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD" The Company which pays its death
claims on the day it receives them
J. P. QUARLES & CO., General Agents, 1010-1011 Realty Bldg., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Wholesale
Retail

BELK BROS.

Department
Stores

Carolina's Largest Distributors of

RELIABLE MERCHANDISE

Branch Stores: J. M. Belk Co., Gastonia, N. C.; Kirkpatrick-Belk Co., Yorkville, S. C.; R. J. Belk Co., Waxhaw, N. C.; W. H. Belk & Bro., Monroe, N. C.; Belk-Harry & Co., Salisbury, N. C.; Harry-Belk Bros. Co., Greensboro, N. C.; Williams-Belk Co., Sanford, N. C.

EDISONIA

Charlotte's Oldest and Best

MOVING PICTURE SHOW

Special attention to Ladies and Children. Admission 5c.

HAM & ROSS

MELROSE PATENT is the BEST FLOUR

Don't let your grocer give you something said to be just as good.
There is none as good.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

A. G. CRAIG

Real Estate, Insurance, Surety
Bonds and Loans

Trust Building

Charlotte, N. C.

Phone 1486

THAD L. TATE'S BARBER SHOP

14 EAST TRADE STREET

For First-class Haircutting, Shampooing, Shaving, Hand
Massaging. Everything Clean.

L. L. SARRATT
ANYTHING IN GROCERIES

309 N. Tryon Street

Phone 103

A. H. WASHBURN, President

F. H. WASHBURN, Treas. and Mgr.


WASHBURN PRESS

(RAY PRINTING COMPANY)

Long Distance Phone 342

28 West Trade Street

CHARLOTTE, N. C.



**School and College
Stationery, Magazines
and Annuals**

**Reports, Blanks, Society and
Fraternity Booklets
Invitations, Programs and
Announcements**



**ACCURACY
PROMPTNESS
COURTESY**



Washburn Press

(RAY PRINTING COMPANY)

28 West Trade Street

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Jewelers & LINEBACK & ELAM & Jewelers
SELLING ONLY JEWELRY OF QUALITY

"The Little Store with the Big Stock"

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

WEST TRADE STREET

NEAR SQUARE

J. N. McCAUSLAND & CO.

**STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES, SLATE AND TIN
ROOFING, MANTELS, TILES, GRATES**

221 South Tryon Street

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

JNO. M. PORTER

Dealer in **HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERIES**

FINE GOODS A SPECIALTY

Phone 9

DILWORTH

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

STORE PHONE 1443

GREENHOUSES 1146-1147

The Florist

SCHOLTZ

The Florist

DECORATIONS SOLICITED

VANCE PARK

**Carnations, Roses, Violets, Bridal Bouquets, Funeral Designs
Palms and Pot Plants**

CHARLOTTE

NORTH CAROLINA

The New Men's Wear Store

Adler-Rochester, The Tailor-made

Ready-to-wear Clothes

BATES-STREET Shirts. Ties, Collars, Hose, Underwear, Etc., at Reasonable Prices.

SUITS \$15.00 AND UP

SHIRTS \$1.00 AND UP

GIBSON-WOOLEY CO.

225 S. TRYON ST., Where you feel at home, whether you buy or not

The Little-Long Company

**DEPARTMENT
STORES** ❧ ❧ ❧

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE BEST QUALITY ALWAYS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES

WOLFE BROS.

A LITTLE STORE FULL OF JEWELRY BARGAINS

235 West Trade Street

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

WE APPRECIATE YOUR TRADE

ROBINSON'S BOOK STORE

30 WEST TRADE STREET

HOSPITAL SUPPLY AND DRUG CO.

40 TRYON S. STREET Phone 676

Everything for the Physician, Nurse and their Patients

**S. B. McLAUGHLIN
GROCERIES**

333 East Trade Street

PHONE 79

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Education is Preparation

for life, and is woefully incomplete if it contains not the habit of saving. This branch is taught outside the school room but in the most practical and successful way by the Mutual Building and Loan Association, which, for thirty years, has helped boys and girls, young men and women, to lay the foundation for whatsoever financial success they have attained.

The Boy in His Teens

who cannot save 25 cents per week will find it difficult to save anything in his twenties—then what of his future?

NEW SERIES OPEN JANUARY, APRIL, JULY AND OCTOBER

E. L. KEESLER, Sec'y & Treas.

Phone 344

25 S. TRYON ST.

EFIRD'S DEPARTMENT STORE

CHARLOTTE * CONCORD * GASTONIA

WALL PAPERS We sell the most beautiful and cheapest wall papers to be found in the South, and have the best Paper hangers that can be secured.

TOMLINSON FURNISHING AND DECORATING COMPANY, 225 S. Tryon St.

DR. C. H. WELLS

DENTIST

Phone 495 15 W. TRADE ST.



For High Grade Investments and Everything in

REAL ESTATE

CONSULT

F. C. ABBOTT & CO. TRUST BUILDING

GET THE HABIT

Of Trading with Charlotte's
Newest Department Store

MORROW-BASS CO.

31 and 33 East Trade St. Charlotte, N. C.

INTERIOR WALL DECORATIONS

IN PAPER AND FABRICS

BROWN-CRUSE CO.

Phone 1051

304 North Tryon Street

McNEEL'S

A COMPLETE LINE OF FANCY GROCERIES

IMPORTED GOODS A SPECIALTY

DELICATESSEN DEPARTMENT

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

In and Out of Season

Phone 2622

205 NORTH TRYON ST.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Absolute Purity

HAHN'S

Candies, Ice Cream and Soda Water

24 N. Tryon St. Phone 359

C. F. SHUMAN

**Tin and Slate Roofing and Galvanized Iron
Work, General Job Work.**

200 N. College St.

Phone No. 611

BOWEN'S

"THAT'S ALL"

Fishburne Military School

WAYNESBORO, VA.

A SCHOOL FOR MANLY BOYS

In the "Valley of Virginia," near the Blue Ridge Mountains,
with beautiful scenery and healthful climate. Altitude 1300 feet.

Full course of instruction; prepares students for college, university or business life.

Twenty-five cadets present from North Carolina, twelve of them
being from Charlotte. We wish more like them.

For catalogue address,

JAS. A. FISHBURNE, Principal.

A. R. WILLMANN COMPANY

PHONE 248

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE WORK
EXPERT WORKMEN ❧ ❧

We carry a complete line of BATHS, LAVATORIES, CLOSETS,
BOILERS. Also erect WIND-MILLS, ACETILINE MACHINES.
We also do Steam and Hot Water Heating

WEDDINGTON HARDWARE CO.

FOR

BASE BALL GOODS
AND ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE

HENRY HAYMAN

Dealer in all Kinds FRESH and CURED MEATS. FISH and OYSTERS
DRESSED POULTRY

204 East Trade Street

Charlotte, N. C.

E. W. BERRYHILL

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Telephone No. 278

Corner Ninth and Pine Streets

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

IVEY'S

FELIX HAYMAN

HAS EVERYTHING IN THE MEAT LINE

Call him at 152 and 222

225 EAST TRADE STREET

Dr. H. C. Henderson

Dr. L. I. Gidney

Dentists

Hunt Building

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

